

laer, stating that he had been unable to induce a single regiment, or even a company, to advance to his relief, but forwarding a supply of ammunition and assuring him, that if he felt unable to maintain his position, boats would be sent to remove the troops, and the artillery would cover his retreat. Upon Van Rensselaer's arrival on his own shore he found a few men at the landing, whom he sent over, and then, accompanied by members of his staff and "old Judge Peck," grotesquely equipped for war in a huge cocked hat and long sword, rode through the cantonments, exhorting the groups of lounging soldiers they met there on every hand to make an effort to rescue their comrades from their perilous situation, but without producing the slightest effect.

Scott's men were already profoundly discouraged at being called upon to fight another action, and evinced a discouraging propensity to stray away from their ranks, which he endeavored to check by instructing the sergeants to shoot those who should attempt to leave their posts without orders.

The contest was begun by the advance of the light company of the 11st, which fired a single volley, and then charged with fixed bayonets upon the riflemen on the right of the American line, who, being unprovided with weapons to resist this form of attack, gave way in great confusion, leaving its flank exposed. On witnessing the success of this movement, Sheaffe gave the signal for a general advance. The entire line raised the Indian warwhoop and charged with great fury. The gun was taken and the position carried almost without resistance, and the entire body of American troops forced swiftly back upon the river, the British line by the advance of the wings gradually assuming the form of a crescent, and overlapping them on both flanks. Some of the fugitives, braving the fire of the guns in the village, ran down the hill towards the landing; a few took shelter in a house where they were taken; Scott, himself, and a number of others, scrambled down the steep bank to the water's edge, in the hope of finding the promised boats; Wadsworth and Chrystie with more than three hundred officers and men, surrendered on the verge of the cliff.

Meanwhile the fire of Holcroft's artillery had rendered the passage of